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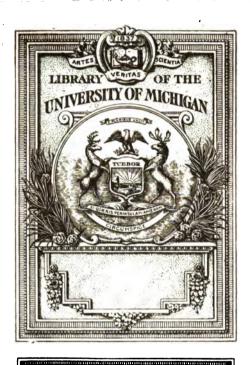
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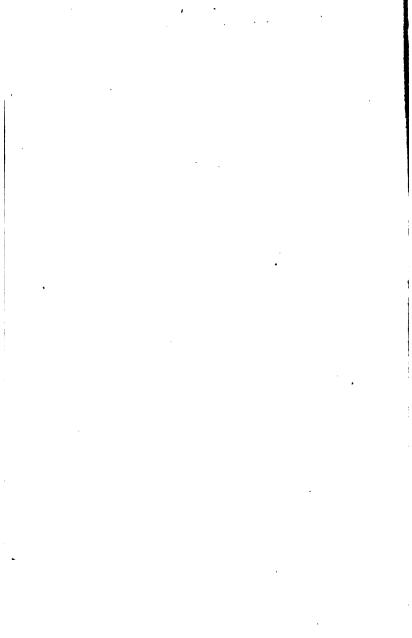
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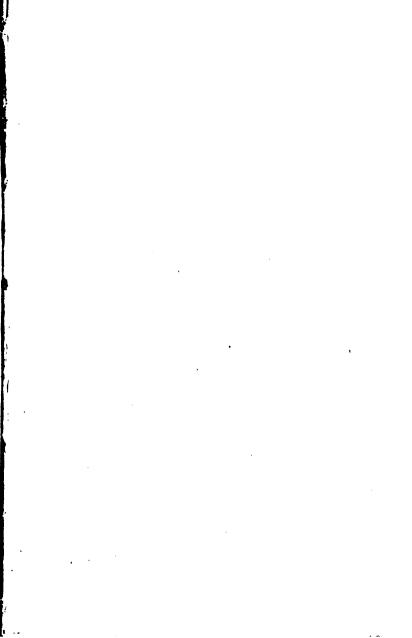
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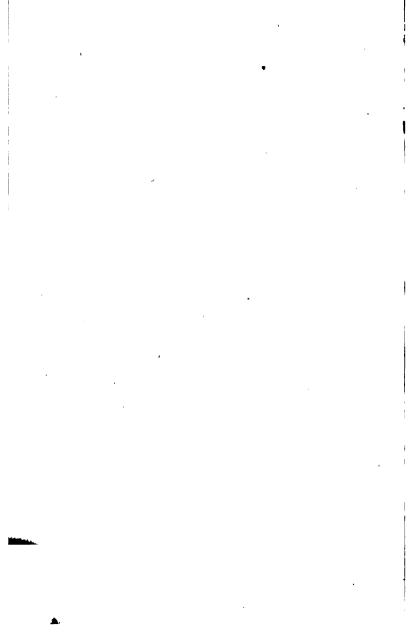


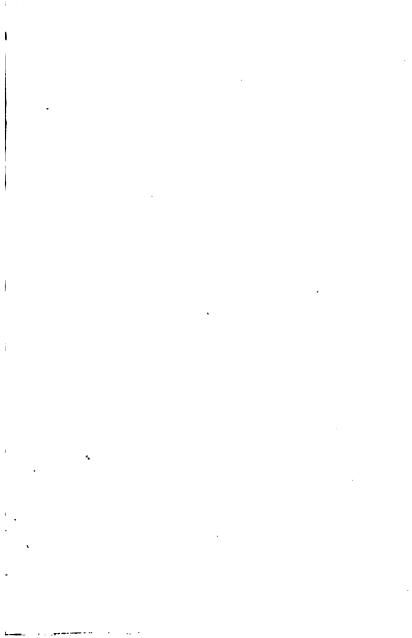


THE GIFT OF Frof. Jesse S. Reeves B7945











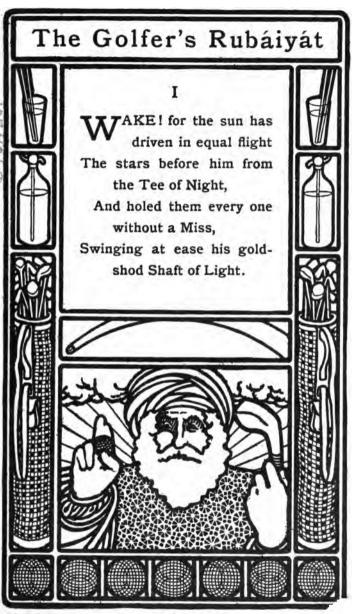


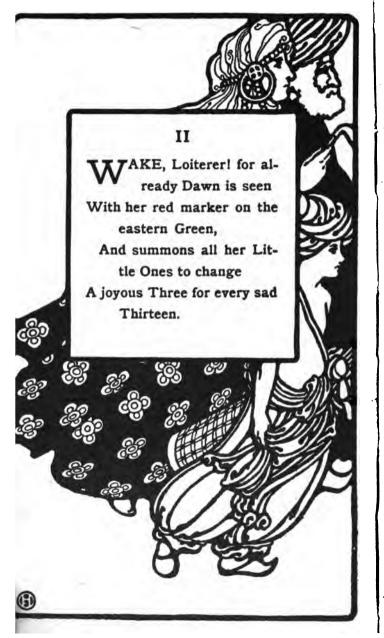


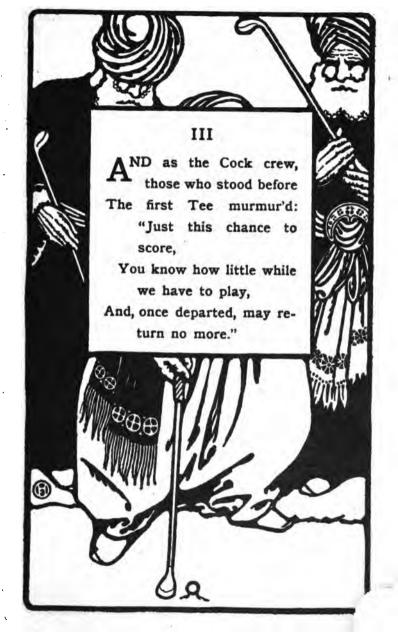
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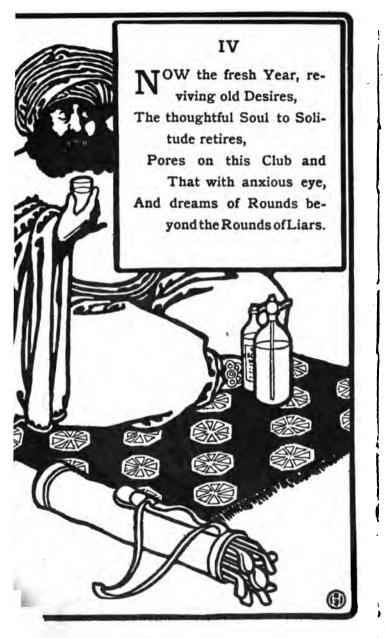


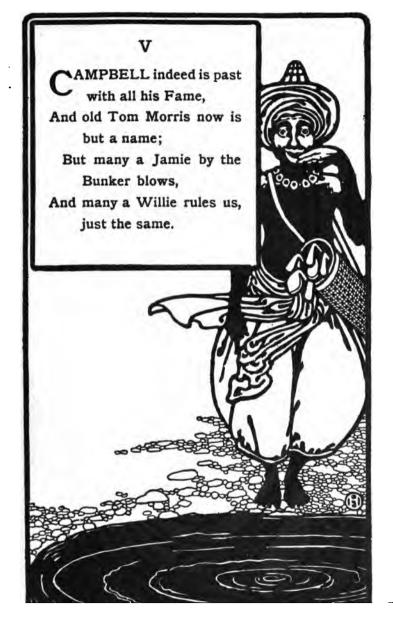


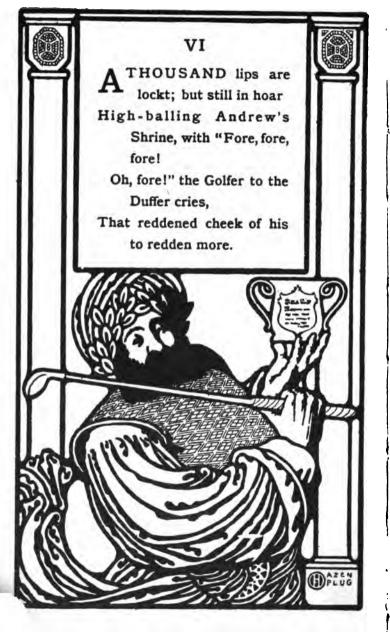
















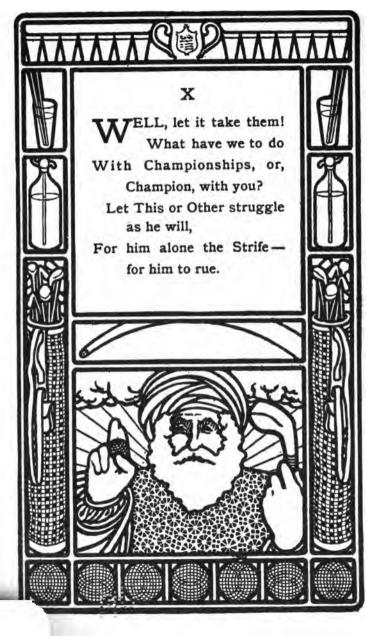
## VIII

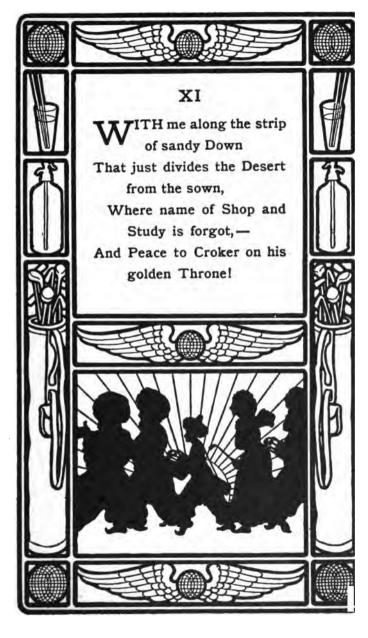
WHETHER at Musselburgh or Shinnecock, In motley Hose or humbler motley Sock, The Cup of Life is ebbing Drop by Drop, Whether the Cup be filled with Scotch or Bock.

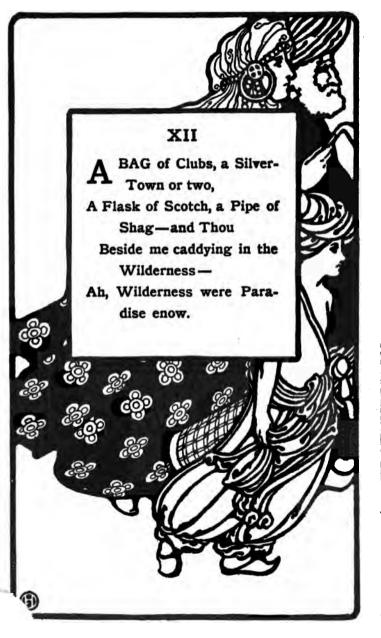




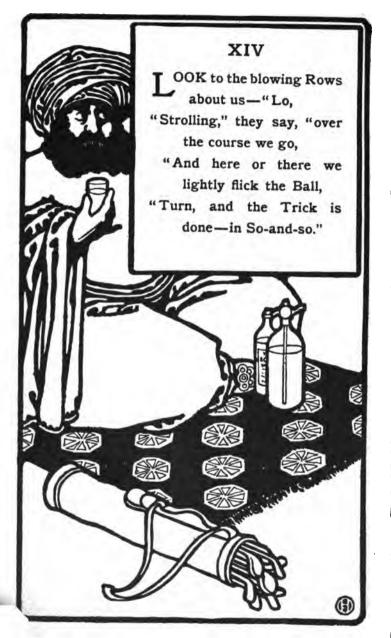




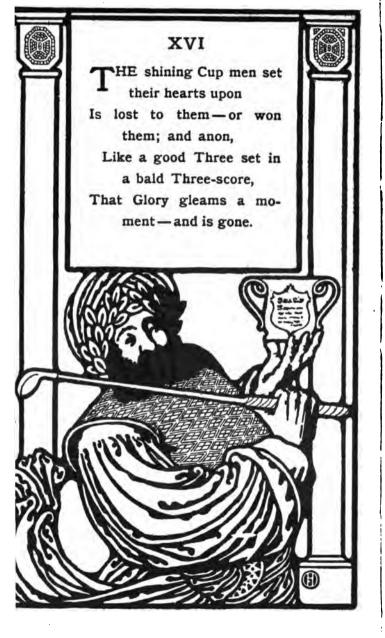


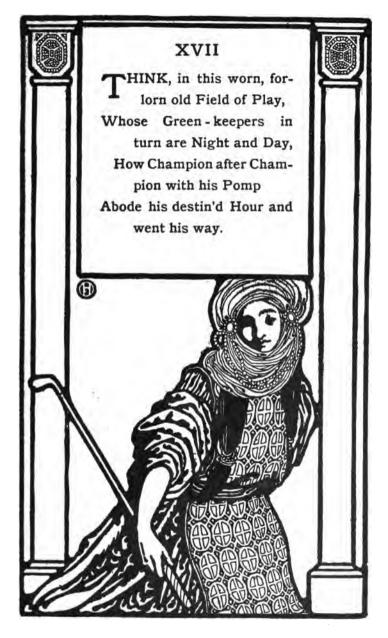














### XVIII

THEY say the Female and the Duffer strut

On sacred Greens where Morris used to putt;

Himself a natural Hazard now, alas!

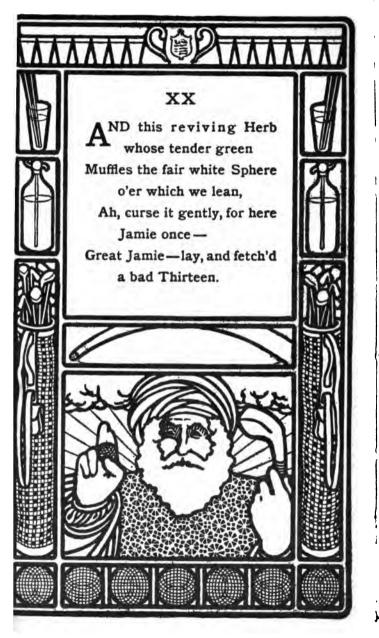
That nice Hand quiet now,

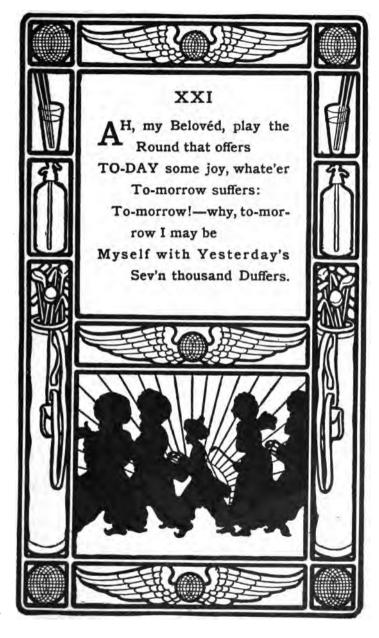
that great Eye shut.

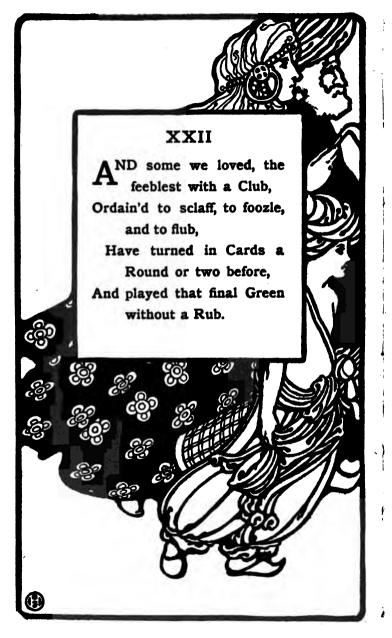


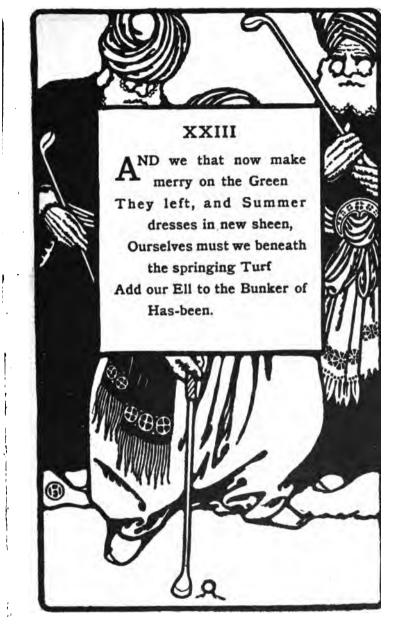




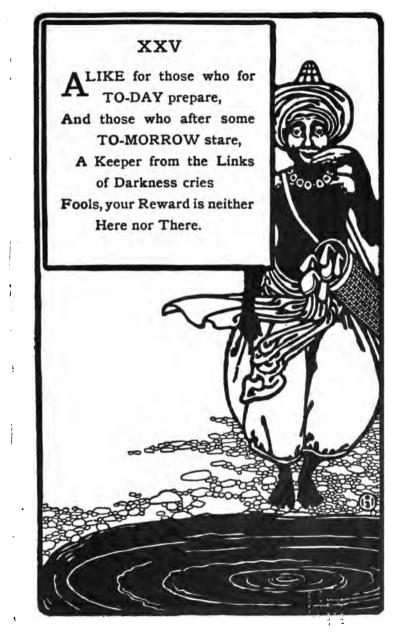


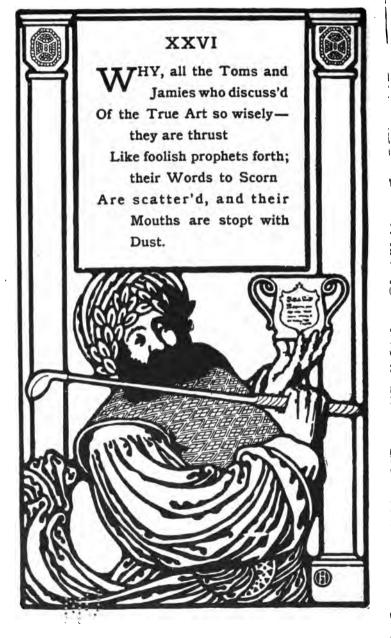




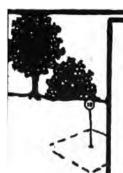












## XXVIII

of Wisdom did I sow,

And with mine own hand
sought to make it grow;

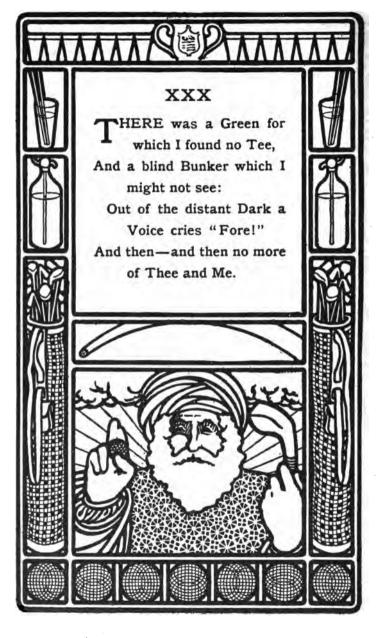
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—

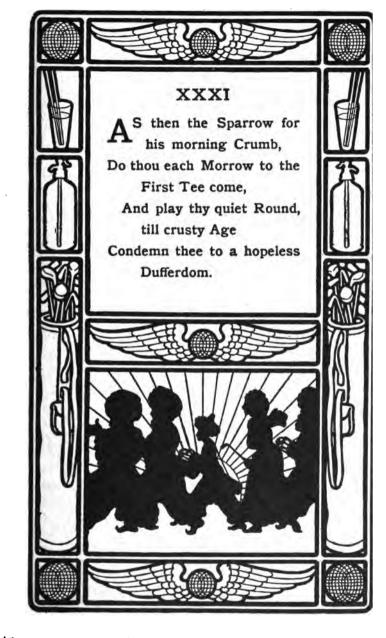
"You hold it This Way, and
you swing it So."

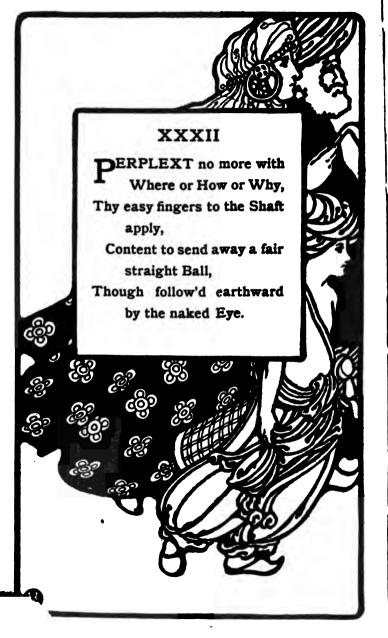




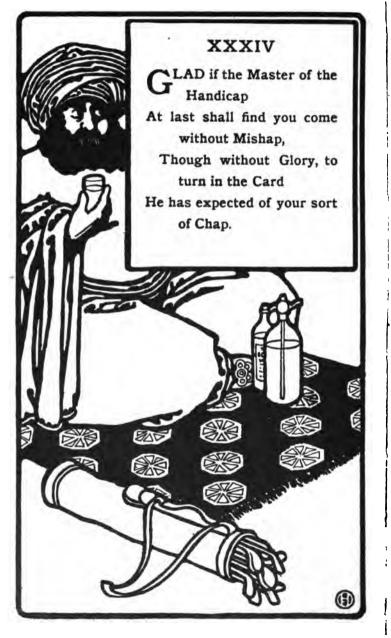


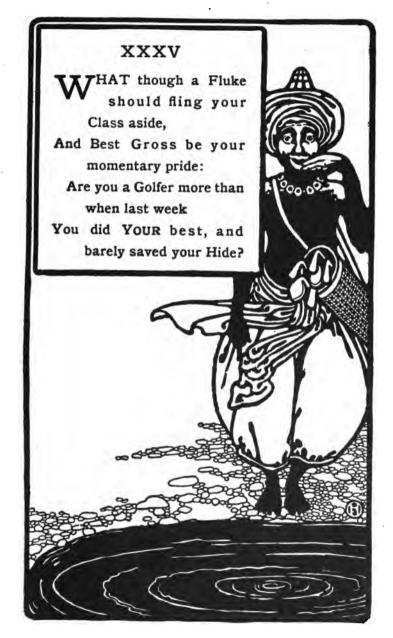


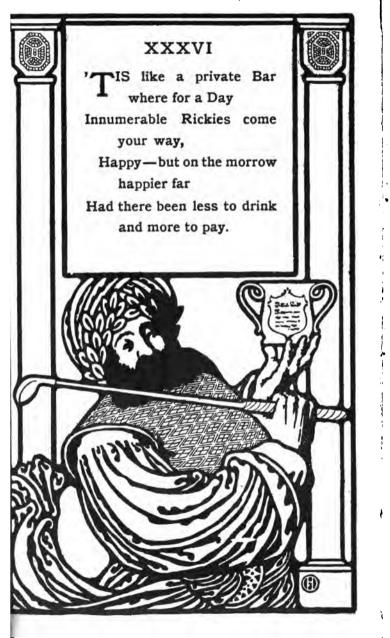


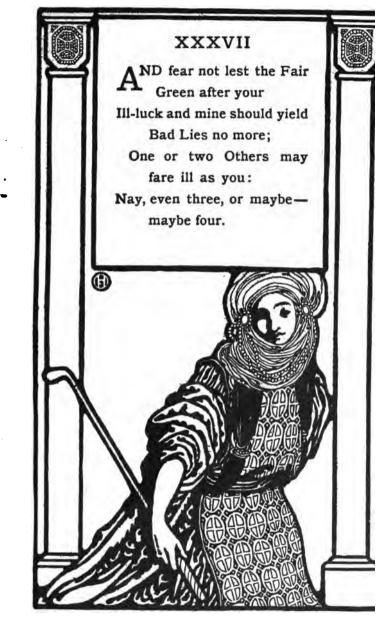














## XXXVIII

WHEN you and I our final Match have play'd,

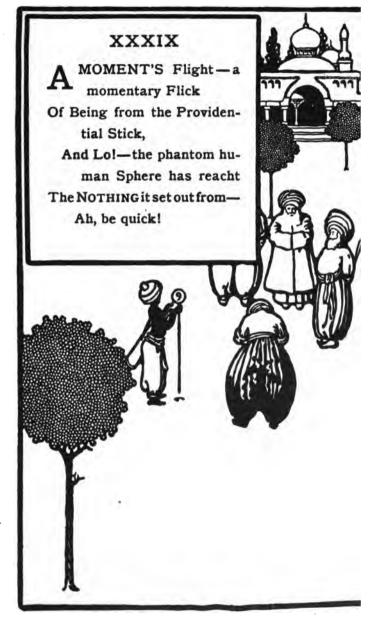
Think not the ever-springing Green shall fade;

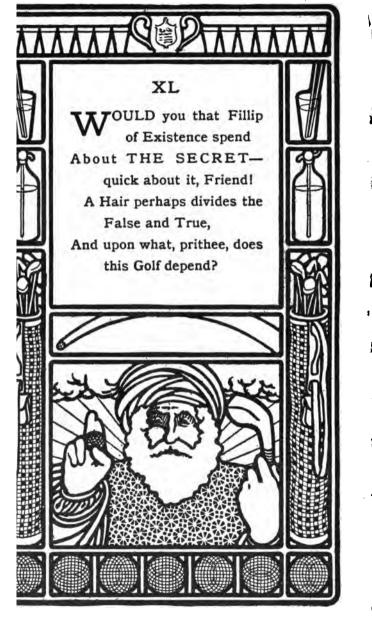
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds

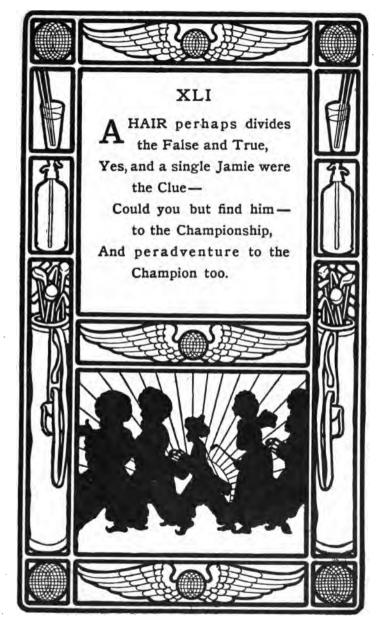
As Caddies heed the Bag, their Quarter paid.







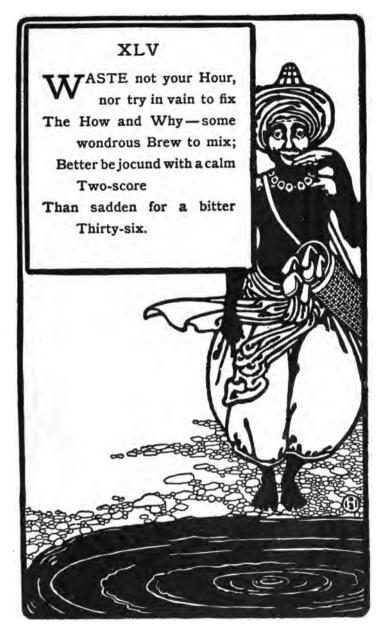


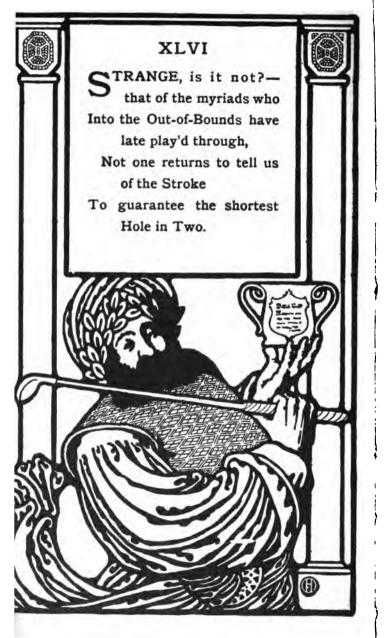
















## XLVIII

THE swinging Brassie strikes; and, having struck,

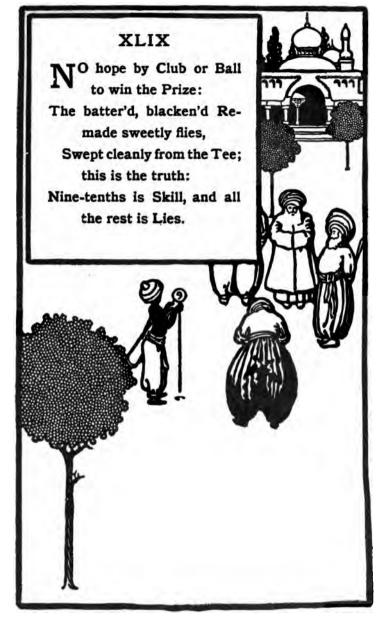
Moves on: nor all your Wit or future Luck

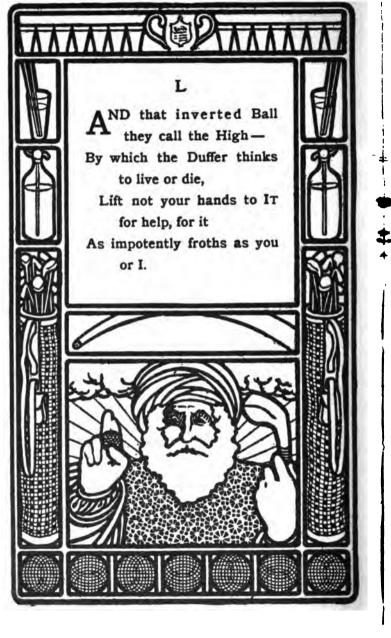
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Stroke,

Nor from the Card a single Seven pluck.



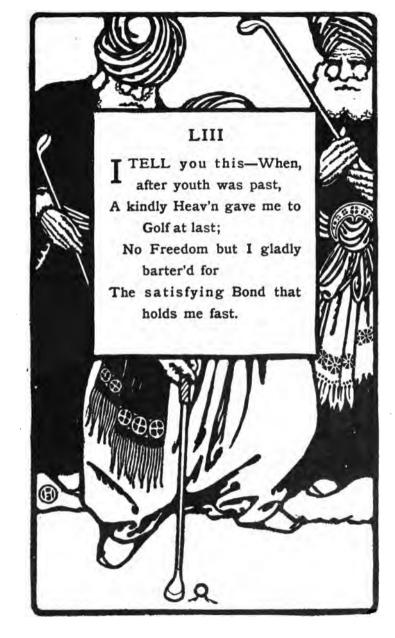


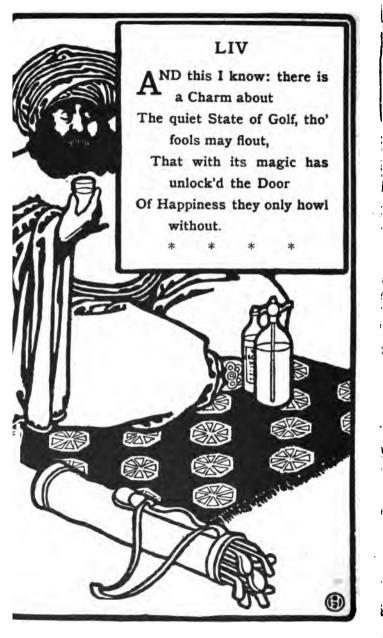


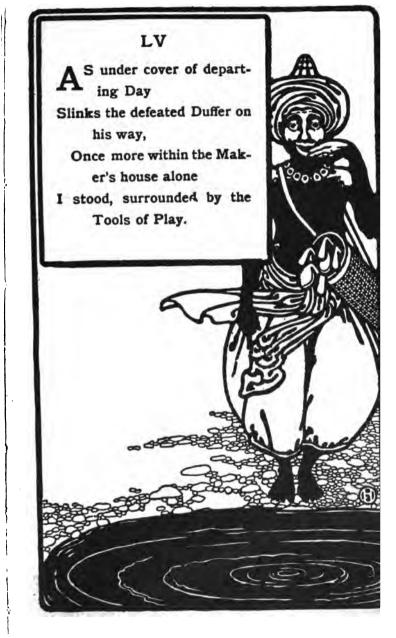


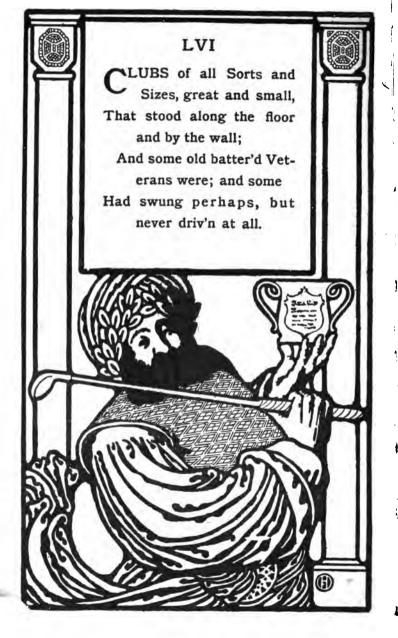


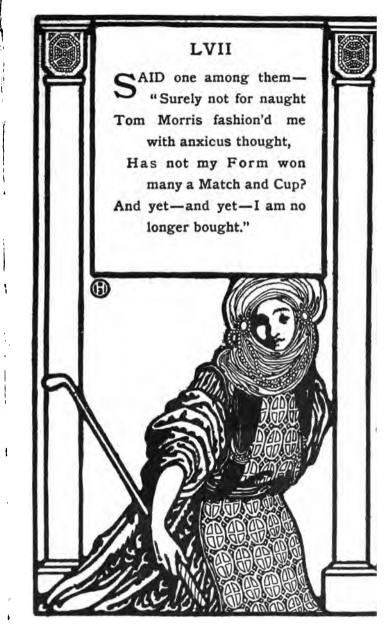














## LVIII

HEN said a Second-"Hear the Codger

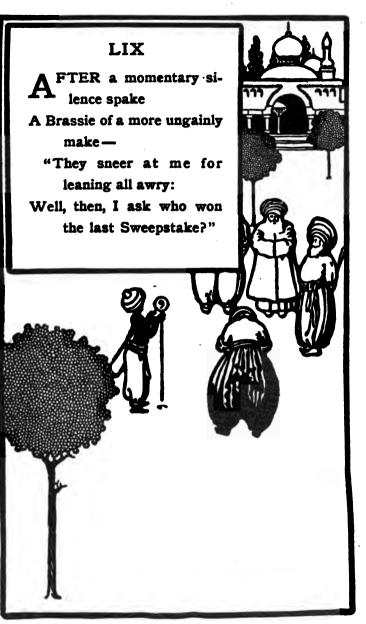
croak!

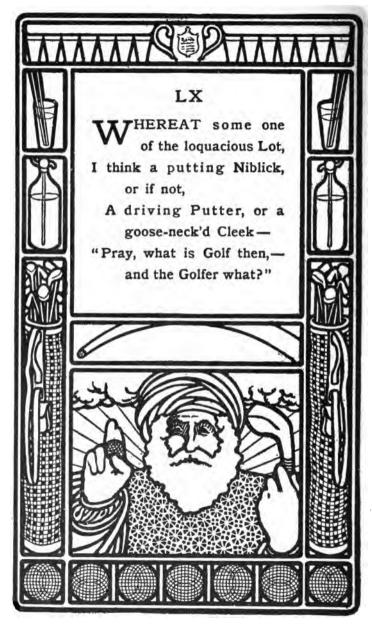
Sure he would make of Golf an ancient Joke;

But Me-just think! a modern Willie Park, My fickle Owner cannot sell





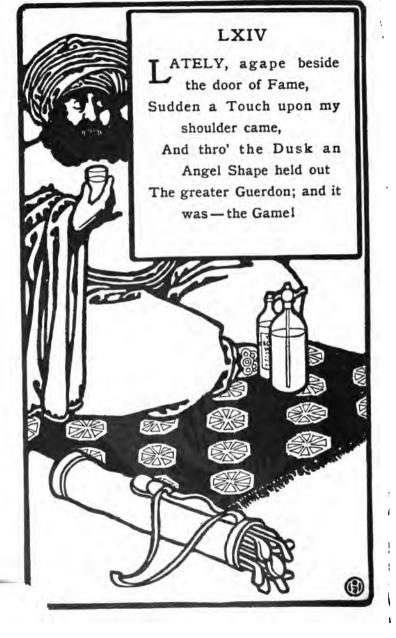




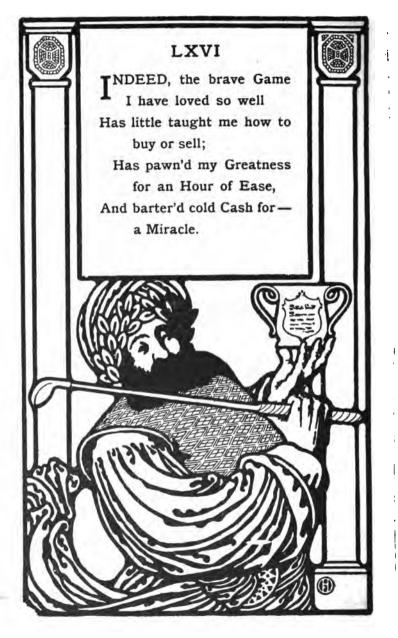
















## LXVIII

BUT much as Golf has play'd the Infidel,

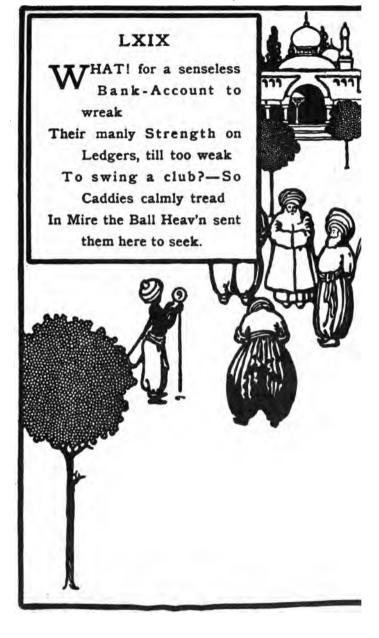
And robb'd me of my worldly Profit — Well,

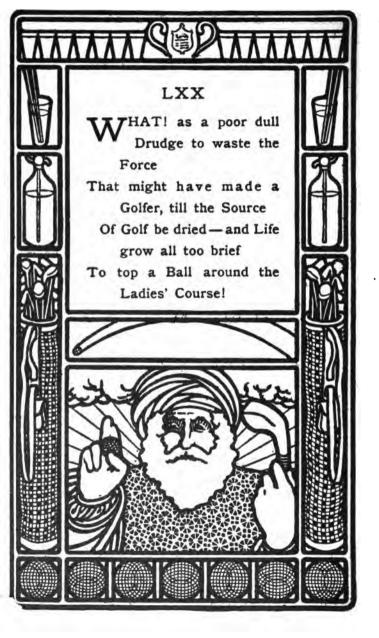
I often wonder what the Grubbers earn

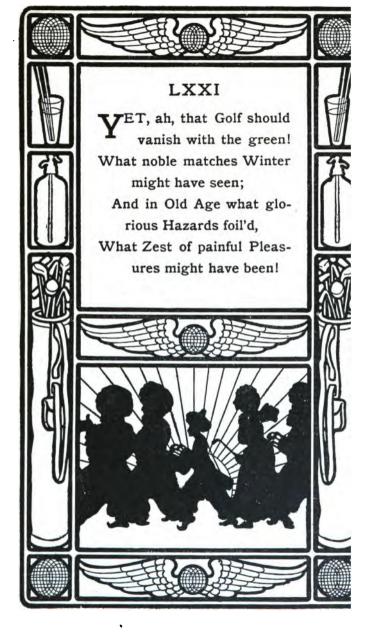
One half so precious as the Joy they sell.





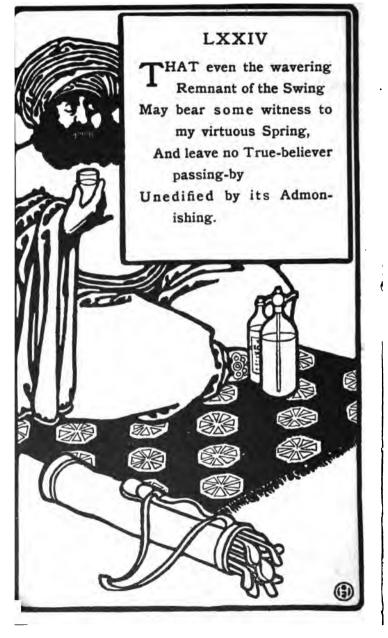


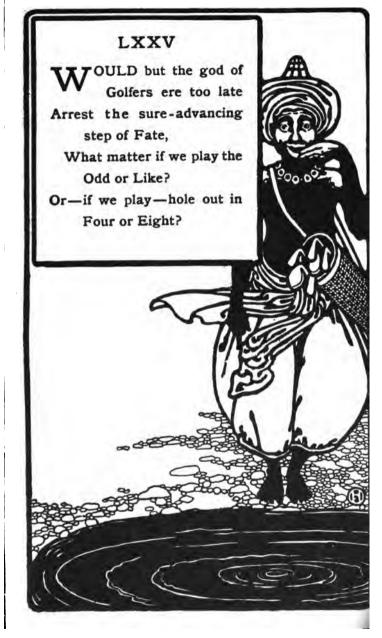


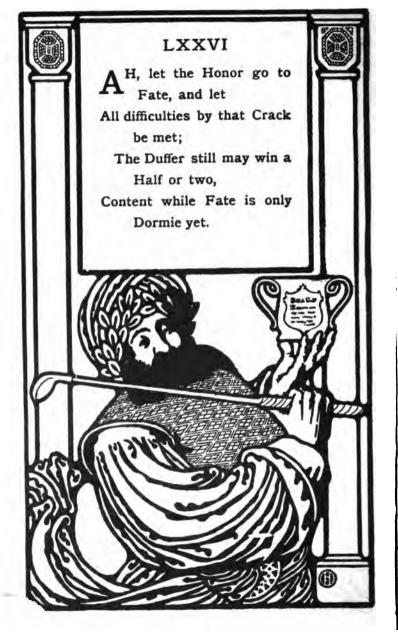
















## LXXVIII

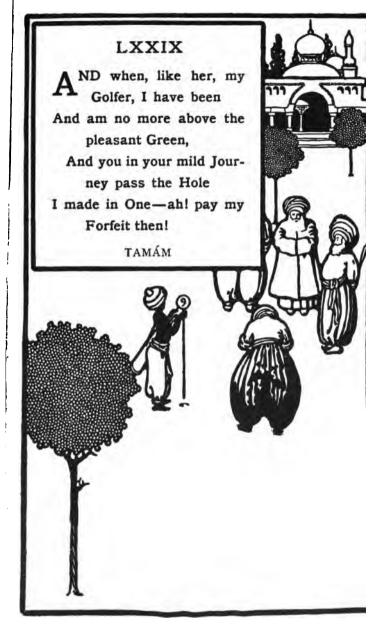
YON rising Moon that leads us Home again, How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;

How oft hereafter rising wait for us

At this same Turning—and for One in vain.







SIN A

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